

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

NURSE ISABEL.*

Nurse Isabel counted her shoes: seven pairs in all.

"I certainly must have another pair," she said to herself. "I did not realize that my stock had run so low."

She then put on her elegant coat and pretty hat, and satisfied herself that her appearance left nothing to be desired, which was indeed true. She was a most distinguished-looking woman, elegant and soothing in her indoor uniform, which was of a unique kind, devised by herself, and quite delightful in her outdoor apparel, which betrayed no signs of her profession.

"There are three classes of nurses," she said repeatedly to herself: "those who are 'fetching,' those who are scientific, and those who are neither 'fetching' nor scientific. And, thank goodness, I clearly belong to the first class."

"Nursing is a domestic form of acting," she sometimes said; "all good nurses would make good actresses. I personally should have made my fortune as an actress, if only my throat had been stronger. I have everything in my favor: appearance, talent, charm; but no strength of voice—sweetness, yes, but strength, no."

She was something of a philosopher too.

"The applause which would have been mine," she said, "I have had to

forego. But, as usual, compensations have arisen, and I am grateful for them. And the greatest compensation is the variety of parts which fall to my share. Not so with the leading lady. Having once pronounced herself comic, she dare not be tragic; once labelled as the suffering heroine, she dare not become an agent of wrong-doing. Now, at least, I am free to fill my rôle. And I can do each equally well. I can be the sweet saint, bending soothingly over some embroidery, sitting in the sunlight—when there is any, and the patient does not want the blind pulled down. I can be silent for hours together, or I can talk cleverly on ordinary subjects, such as Grieg, Ibsen, Rembrandt, and the Chinese Empress. I can read the Bible with reverent piety, or a racing novel with sparkling brightness. I can laugh. I can weep. I can be cynical. I can be fresh-hearted."

All of which was quite true. The only puzzle was why she had not been able to put such extraordinary talents to more than ordinary advantage. Some such thoughts crossed her mind to-day, when she left her lodging to go out and buy that eighth pair of shoes. She was tired and out of spirits, out of conceit with the whole world, and out of conceit with herself. She had just finished nursing an irritable old lady, who had mercifully betaken herself and her irritability to another planet, and Nurse Isabel determined to give herself

* From *The Fowler*. By Beatrice Harraden. Copyright, 1899, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.

a short holiday and enjoy a little of outdoor life and shop windows.

But the noise of Oxford street seemed almost too much for her nerves.

"I am not myself to-day," she said to herself. "The world seems to me a living mass of irritable old ladies, all wanting the windows closed and the blinds down. I certainly must not take another old lady patient yet, nor another literary person. I really don't know which class tires me the most."

She looked at a tempting little pair of red kid shoes, with black velvet heels, but did not care to take the trouble to go in and buy them. She must have been unusually out of spirits to show such listlessness where shoes were concerned: they were her specialty, her most accentuated tendency, as the little stranger with the broad eye-glass ribbon would have called it. She gazed indolently at the shop windows, observed the latest tricks of fashion and decided how she might best modify them to suit her own individual charms; but nothing gave her real pleasure this morning, and when she saw the Forest Hills omnibus pass, she almost thought she would go and see her mother, and just have a few hours' restful change; but, unfortunately, she was not at all fond of the suburbs. Her dislike of the suburbs conquered her yearning for her mother, and the Forest Hills omnibus passed on its way, and Nurse Isabel strolled home even more listless than before. She did not even criticise the other hospital nurses whom she passed on her way; their cloaks, and bonnets, and the color of their uniform were matters of indifference to her to-day, and she did not pity any one for being so obviously inferior to herself. And that was quite unusual with her; for, in her normal condition of mind, she had the profoundest pity for all humanity, espec-

ially hospital-nurse humanity, for not being as charming as herself.

When she reached her lodging she found a telegram waiting for her, and at once went off to see the doctor who summoned her to his presence.

"I cannot refuse to take a case from him," she said, as she hastened to his house. "However, most of his patients are men, thank goodness, so there is no fear of my being bothered with another irritable old lady. Perhaps I shall have a cricketer, or a Life-Guardsman. I wonder which it will be?" And as she went on her way she tossed it up in her mind.

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief when he saw her.

"I am so glad that you are disengaged, Nurse Isabel," he said contentedly. "Here is a case which I have very much at heart, a case which needs a special nurse: some one artistic and cultured, some one with refined ways and pleasing appearance, some one to soothe a troubled spirit, and help to find that readjustment which can be found, given only the right conditions."

Nurse Isabel, standing there in the sunshine, seemed to combine all these marvellous gifts.

Then the doctor continued:

"He has had typhoid fever, from which he has recovered, but it has left him in a weakened condition; and then several heavy troubles, and one bad shock coming on the top of his illness, have shattered his nervous system. He is an historian. You probably know his name—Brian Uppingham, the well-known author of 'The Intellectual Evolution of Europe.'"

"Ah," said Nurse Isabel, sympathetically, but her heart sank. Alas! where was her cricketer or her Life-Guardsman now?

"He has had a house lent him in Graystoke," said the doctor. "a very charming and bracing place, and it is there that I want you to go and to

nurse him back to health and possibilities of renewed work. He is already there, having been taken down by a friend who has to leave him to-morrow, and so I propose that you join him immediately."

She received all the details and instructions with a truly charming amiability of manner which exactly corresponded with the savage disappointment of her mind.

"You are going to a delightful part of the country," the physician said, as she was leaving, "and you must not fail to visit that fine old castle."

As she left him, she thought to herself, "Why, why am I considered so charming? Certainly one has to pay the price of everything in this life." However, she accepted the circumstances, always being something of a philosopher, and hastened home to pack her clothes and catch her train for the nearest station to Graystoke, which, as far as she could make out, was situated about eleven miles from even the ghost of a railway station.

"All the same," she said to herself as she was packing, "this literary person shall be the last on my list for some time to come. If I did not need country air, and if I were not afraid of offending the doctor, the historian might sink into the tomb for all I should care. Historian indeed!"

She gathered her clothes together, not forgetting the Grecian evening dress on which she set great store, for she affected classical costumes, feeling that she was seen to best advantage in them, and she had long since adopted the Grecian style of hair-architecture, which especially suited her features. In less than two hours she had finished her preparations, packed her box, written to her mother, and enclosed in the letter a postal order for pin-money, dressed the wounded hand of the little lad down stairs, and was soon leaning back in the railway carriage, satisfied

on the whole that she was leaving London.

"The country is good for the nerves," she thought. "In my leisure hours, I shall stroll in the woods if there is nothing more exciting to do and I shall pick flowers from the hedges, and I shall even learn a little botany, and perhaps a little geology too. So if I get my nerves into better condition, and add some flowers and rocks to my general knowledge, I shall not do so badly after all."

She was not interested in knowledge for its own sake, but she had a remarkable aptitude for picking up facts and suggestions; and many an intellectual person might well have envied her her keen mind and quick perceptions. She was a genius at annexing other people's sentiments and opinions—annexing them so thoroughly, too, that they seemed to be a part of herself and not the property of some one else.

So this afternoon, when she was nearing the station, she listened attentively to the disjointed remarks of an old farmer, and learnt from him many particulars of the country, and gleaned information in her own masterly way.

Then she leaned out of the window, and felt the freshness of the air.

"What delightful air!" she exclaimed, "and how good for one's health."

"You be coming here for health, then?" the old farmer inquired sympathetically, for her face looked tired and drawn.

"Yes," she answered, though she did not think it necessary to add for whose health she had journeyed thus far from London. No one could have found out that she was a nurse; she looked like an elegant lady of ease, with the fag-end of a sorrowful history attached to her; she spoke like a leisured gentlewoman who has spared the time from her idleness to cultivate

a language or two, a little music, a few politics, and to take an indolent interest in the affairs of the passing moment. Her very voice had at times a slight peevishness about it, generally found in conjunction with wealth and ease. She puzzled the footman who stood waiting on the platform for a hospital nurse of the usual type. As no one of this pattern got out of the train, he naturally concluded that the nurse had not come; and he was chatting with his friend, the station-master, and asking particulars about a horse-fair, when an elegant lady approached him and made inquiries as to whether a carriage had been sent from the Moat House. He was so much im-

pressed with her appearance and manner that he could not summon up courage to ask if she were the hospital nurse. She waved her hand condescendingly in the direction of her luggage, and waited until he opened the door of the old-fashioned carriage, and then she stepped in.

"I must have the top of the carriage pulled down instantly," she said imperiously. "I do not care to be shut in like this."

The footman, mystified but quelled, obeyed her instructions.

And thus in the pleasant cool of the evening was Nurse Isabel driven to the scene of her labors.

IN THE IRISH LAW COURTS. *

Not even the occupants of the Bench in Ireland are free from that proneness to make "bulls" which is one of the curious mental characteristics of the Irish people. "Are you married?" asked a magistrate in the Dublin police court of a prisoner who was charged with having committed an unprovoked assault on another man. "No, your worship," replied the man in the dock. "That's a good thing for your wife," said the magistrate. A witness giving evidence in a case tried at the Limerick Assizes used the expression, very common in Ireland, "I said to myself," so frequently that the judge interposed with the remark, "You must not tell us what you said to yourself, unless the prisoner was by. It is not evidence." I heard a judge say to a noisy, voluble witness, "Hold your tongue, sir, and give evidence

quietly and clearly!" In a case of an assault by a husband on a wife, the injured woman was reluctant to prosecute and give her evidence. "I'll leave him to God, me lord," she cried. "Oh, dear, no," said the judge; "It's far too serious matter for that!"

Dublin once boasted of a police magistrate named O'Malley whose eloquence made him the pride of the *habitués* of his court. "So, me man," he thundered at an old offender, who had often escaped what the magistrate always spoke of as "the butt end of the law," "so you're about to incur the just pinalty of yer manifold malifactions. Justice may pursue the evil-doer wid a leaden heel; but she smites—" here the quotation eluded him—"she smites—" then triumphantly—"she smites wid a cast-iron toe!"

Members of the Bar, in all countries, have not infrequently to suffer snubs, rebuffs, and sarcasms from the Bench, but in Ireland—as we have seen in the

* From *Irish Life and Character*. By Michael MacDonagh. Copyright, 1890, by Thomas Whittaker.

case of Mr. Justice Ball and Mr. Dowse—the judge often comes off only second best. At the close of the last century there was an Irish judge named Robinson, who, in the words of Lord Brougham, was “the author of many stupid, knavish, and scurrilous pamphlets,” for which he had been raised to the bench. Soon after John Philpot Curran was called to the Bar, he appeared in a case heard before this judge, and, in combating some opinion of counsel on the other side, remarked that he could not find in his law books a single instance in which the principle contended for was established. “That may be, sir,” said the judge, “but I suspect your library is very limited.” “It is very true, my lord, that owing to circumstances my library is rather small,” said Curran, in a scathing retort, “but I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones!” On another occasion Lord Chancellor Clare, who had a discussion with Curran in court on some legal point, exclaimed sharply, “Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books.” “You had better read them, my lord,” was Curran’s happy rejoinder. A more good-humored encounter was that between Chief Baron O’Grady and Charles Kendal Bushe, the eminent lawyer, and subsequently Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, at the Kilkenny Assize, which was held in a courthouse abutting on the fair green. While Bushe was addressing the jury a donkey on the green began to bray. “Wait a minute, Mr. Bushe, please,” said the judge; “I can’t hear two at a time!” Presently as the judge was summing up, the animal commenced crying again. “Will your lordship speak a little louder,” said Bushe; “there is such an echo in the court!”

Lord Morris, the well-known Irish

law lord, who, as I have already pointed out, has a racy Irish brogue, was conducting a trial in Coleraine, in which a gentleman sought damages from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon the question how many grains of a certain drug could be safely administered. The dispensary proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive. “Docthor, dear, niver mind yer eight grains, in this matter o’ twelve,” said the judge. “Becaws we all know that some poisons are accumulative in effect; an’ ye may go to the edge o’ ruin with impunity. But tell me this: the twelve grains, the twelve, wouldn’t they kill the divil himself if he swallowed them?” “I don’t know, my lord,” said the doctor, pompously drawing himself up. “I never had the honor of prescribing for that patient.” “Ah, no, docthor, dear, ye niver had; more’s the pity. The ould bhoy’s alive still.”

The great powers of judgment and penetration of Daniel O’Connell were strikingly and dramatically shown in the course of a trial in Dublin as to the validity of an important will. The action was to set aside the will, on the ground that the testator was dead at the time he was said to have put his signature to the document. One of the witnesses to the will asserted over and over again, in cross-examination, when asked by Daniel O’Connell whether the testator was really alive when he was alleged to have written his name, “Yes, there was life in him, sure enough; oh, I’m sartin sure he had life in him when signing the will.” Struck by a sudden inspiration, the lawyer cried out, “Now, sir, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day have to answer before God for the truth, and nothing but the truth of your evidence, was not the life you

speak of nothing more than a live fly, which was put into the dead man's mouth while his name was being put to the will?" The witness, now scared and trembling, confessed that so it was!

A landlord in the county of Cork diverted so much of the water of a stream from its original channel as to cause loss and inconvenience to a neighboring farmer, who accordingly brought an action against him for damages. The landlord engaged for his defence an attorney named Fogarty, who had the roseate, purple face of a toper, and was well known for his love for whiskey, though, indeed, he could not love it to the extent for which his countenance gave credit. Daniel O'Connell, who appeared for the injured party, dwelt on the harm which had been done his client through his farm having been deprived of the benefits of the stream. "The stream is running dry," he continued; "so low is it, and so little of it is there, that," turning to the rubicund attorney—"there is not enough to make grog for Fogarty!"

As this story shows, Irish lawyers of days gone by indulged extravagantly in personalities. And they were often made to suffer for it from the pistol or the horsewhip of the man assailed. At the Tipperary Assizes Curran referred in scathing terms to a local land-agent. Two days after, as the lawyer was lying in bed in his house in Dublin, his servant told him that a gentleman was waiting to see him; but before he could reply the gentleman—travel-stained, highly irate, and of herculean proportions—rushed into the bedroom and cried, "Sor, I'm the gentleman you insulted in the courthouse at Clonmel in the presence of the whole county; and I'm here to thrash you soundly!" as he excitedly waved a horsewhip over the recumbent lawyer. "What!" said Curran, "you call yourself a gen-

tleman, and yet you mean to strike a man when he is lying down?" "No, bedad," said the visitor, "I'll just wait till ye get out of bed, and thin I'll give it to ye, hot and heavy." "If that's the case," said the lawyer, quite coolly, "I'll lie here all day;" and he turned over on his other side. The visitor was so tickled by this humorous announcement that he dropped his horsewhip and dismissed his anger in a roar of laughter, in which Curran heartily joined. And he who had come to horsewhip remained to dine.

The members of the Irish Bar have also a well-deserved reputation for wit, Baron Dowse, when a counsel, was asked by a judge, "For whom are you concerned in this action, Mr. Dowse?" "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am engaged for the defendant," was the ready reply of counsel. The "cock-suredness" with which experts in handwriting give their evidence was the subject of a striking rebuff in an Irish court some years ago. An expert having emphatically sworn that a document was a forgery, Mr. Sergeant Armstrong, a celebrated leader of the Irish Bar in the seventies, rose to cross-examine. He looked at the witness for a second or two, and then asked this question, "What about the dog?" The witness seemed at a loss to understand the query, which was repeated three times by the lawyer, with ever-increasing loudness of tone. At last the witness said, "I do not understand you, sir. Pray be more explicit. What dog?" "What dog?" rejoined the sergeant; "of course I refer to the dog that Baron Dowse told a jury he would not hang on your evidence!"

Some years ago the assistant-barrister of the county of Clare was a Mr. William Major, between whom and a solicitor practising in his courts there was no love lost. A farmer processed a neighbor for the loss of a sheep

which had been killed by the defendant's dog. The solicitor, who had appeared for the plaintiff, thus examined his client—"What sort is the dog that killed your sheep—is he a bulldog or a terrier?" "He's a brown terrier, sur." "Is he wicked?" "Troth he is, sur, wicked and bad enough." "He is a snarling cur, I suppose, and shows his teeth where he cannot bite?" "You may say that, sur." "What is the dog's name?" the solicitor then asked; but the witness scratched his head and hesitated to reply. "Don't be delaying the Court, sir," said the assistant barrister, "or I protest I'll dismiss your case." "Oh, thin, as I must tell it," said the witness, "shure he's a namesake of yer own, yer honner, for his name is Major!" This palpable hit convulsed the Court—save the judge, of course—with laughter.

Occasionally there are most amusing mixtures of metaphors by counsel in their addresses to juries. In one case where a small farmer brought an action against a neighbor for alleged malversation of three bullocks, counsel for plaintiff concluded his speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pockets with impunity!" In another case counsel said, "My client acted

boldly. He saw the storm brewing in the distance; but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and had him indicted for perjury!"

Sometimes very funny incidents occur in court. A man who was being tried for murder at the Clare Assizes many years ago was defended by Peter Burrowes, who was noted for his absent-mindedness. He it was who was found one morning standing by the fire with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucepan! Burrowes, on the occasion of this trial, happened to have a bad cough, which he sought to soften by the occasional use of a lozenge. The bullet which killed the murdered man was produced and was given to the barrister, who urged that it could not fit the bore of the gun belonging to the prisoner, with which the Crown contended the fatal shot had been fired. Counsel held the bullet in one hand and a lozenge in the other; but in the ardor of his cross-examination of a police officer he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet. The inveterate tendency of an Irishman to make a joke on all occasions got the better even of the solemn judge, for, with a merry twinkle in his eye, his lordship remarked, "The only thing that can be done, in the circumstances, is to administer a charge of powder to counsel!"

DOORYARDS.*

Sweet as these homespun spots can make themselves, in their mixture of thrift and prodigality, they are dearer than ever at the points where they

register family traits, and so touch the humanity of us all. Here is imprinted the story of the man who owns the farm, that of the father who inherited it, and the grandfather who reclaimed it from waste; here have they and their womenkind set the foot of daily

* From *Tiverton Tales*. By Alice Brown. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

living and traced indelible paths. They have left here the marks of tragedy, of pathos, of joy. One yard has a level bit of graceless ground between barn and pump, and you may call it a battlefield, if you will, since famine and desire have striven there together. Or, if you choose to read fine meanings into threadbare things, you may see in it a field of the cloth of gold where simple love of life and childlike pleasure met and sparkled for no eye to see. It was a croquet ground laid out in the days when croquet first inundated the land, and laid out by a woman. This was Della Smith, then mother of two grave children, and the wife of a farmer who never learned to smile. Eben was duller than the ox which ploughs all day long for his handful of hay at night and his heavy slumber; but Della, though she carried her end of the yoke with a gallant spirit, had dreams and desires forever bursting from brown shells, only to live a moment in the air, and then, like bubbles, die. She had a perpetual appetite for joy. When the circus came to town, she walked miles to see the procession; and, in dreams of satisfied delight dropped potatoes all the afternoon, to make up. Once a hand-organ and monkey strayed that way, and it was she who followed them; for the children were little, and all the saner house-mothers contented themselves with leaning over the gates till the wandering train had passed. But Della drained her draught of joy to the dregs, and then tilted her cup anew. With croquet came her supremest joy—one that leavened her days till God took her somewhere, we hope, where there is playtime. Della had not money to buy a croquet set, but she had something far better, an alert and undiscouraged mind. On one dizzy afternoon, at a Fourth of July picnic, when wickets had been set up near the wood, she had played with the minister, and

beaten him. The game opened before her an endless vista of delight. She saw herself perpetually knocking red-striped balls through an eternity of wickets, and she knew that here was the one pastime of which no soul could tire. Afterwards, driving home with her husband and two children, still in a maze of satisfied delight, she murmured absently:

"Wonder how much they cost?"

"What?" asked Eben, and Della turned, flushed scarlet, and replied:—

"Oh, nothin'!"

That night she lay awake for one rapt hour, and then she slept the sleep of conquerors. In the morning, after Eben had gone safely off to work, and the children were still asleep, she began singing, in a monotonous, high voice, and took her way out of doors. She always sang at moments when she purposed leaping the bounds of domestic custom. Even Eben had learned that, dull as he was. If he heard that guilty crooning from the buttery, he knew she might be breaking extra eggs or using more sugar than was conformable.

"What you doin' of?" he was accustomed to call. But Della never answered, and he did not interfere. The question was a necessary concession to marital authority; he had no wish to curb her ways.

Della scudded about the yard like a willful wind. She gathered withes from a waiting pile, and set them in that one level space for wickets. Then she took a handsaw, and pale about the lips, returned to the house and to her bedroom. She had made her choice. She was sacrificing old associations to her present need; and one after another she sawed the ornamenting balls from her mother's high-post bedstead. Perhaps the one element of tragedy lay in the fact that Della was no mechanician, and she had not foreseen that, having one flat

side, her balls might decline to roll. But that dismay was brief. A weaker soul would have flinched; to Della it was a futile check, a pebble under the wave. She laid her balls calmly aside. Some day she would whittle them into shape; for there were always coming to Della days full of roomy leisure and large content. Meanwhile apples would serve her turn—good alike to draw a weary mind out of its channel or teach the shape of spheres. And so, with two russets for balls and the clothes-slice for mallet (the heavy sledge-hammer having failed, Della serenely, yet in triumph, played her first game against herself.

"Don't you drive over them wickets," she called imperiously when Eben came up from his lot in his dingle cart.

"Them what?" returned he, and Della had to go out to explain. He looked at them gravely; hers had been a ragged piece of work.

"What under the sun'd you do that for?" he inquired. "The young ones wouldn't turn their hand over for't. They ain't big enough."

"Well, I be," said Della briefly. "Don't you drive over 'em."

Eben looked at her and then at his path to the barn, and he turned his horse aside.

Thereafter, until we got used to it, we found a vivid source of interest in seeing Della playing croquet and always playing alone. That was a very busy summer, because the famous drought came then, and water had to be carried for weary rods from spring and river. Sometimes Della did not get her playtime till three in the afternoon, sometimes not till after dark; but she was faithful to her joy. The croquet

ground suffered varying fortunes. It might happen that the balls were potatoes, when apples failed to be in season, often her wickets broke, and stood up in two ragged horns. Sometimes one fell away altogether, and Della, like the planets, kept an uneven track. Once or twice the mistaken benevolence of others gave her real distress. The minister's daughter, noting her solitary game, mistook it for forlornness, and, in the warmth of her maiden heart, came to ask if she might share. It was a timid though official benevolence; but Della's bright eyes grew dark. She clung to her kitchen chair.

"I guess I won't," she said, and, in some dim way, everybody began to understand that this was but an intimate and solitary joy. She had grown so used to spreading her banquets for one alone that she was frightened at the sight of other cups upon the board; for although loneliness begins in pain, by and by, perhaps, it creates its own species of sad and shy content.

Della did not have a long life; and that was some relief to us who were not altogether satisfied with her outlook here. The place she left need not be always desolate. There was a good maiden sister to keep the house and Eben and the children would be but briefly sorry. They could recover their poise; he with the health of a simple mind, and they as children will. Yet he was truly stunned by the blow; and I hoped, on the day of the funeral that he did not see what I did. When we went out to get our horse and wagon, I caught my foot in something which at once gave way.

I looked down—at a broken wicket and a withered apple at the stake.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An English wit suggests that the suppressed "Choate Jest Book" to which reference was made in this department last month, will be remembered by bibliographers as the "Inchoate Jest Book."

The famous "Chiswick Press," which was founded more than a century ago by Charles Whittingham, is still carried on under the name of Charles Whittingham & Co.

The Academy suggests that to the ordinary mind "an Irish poem is an English poem over which the words 'wind' and 'stars' have been shaken from a pepper castor." Perhaps the remark has some pertinency as applied to Mr. Yeats, but scarcely if applied to Nora Hopper or Moira O'Neill.

Arthur Tennyson, brother of the late Laureate, was eighty-five when he died, a few days ago. He resembled his brother somewhat in appearance and temperament; and it was to him that Alfred when a lad, on a long walk in Lincolnshire, confided his purpose to be famous, a purpose which was more successfully executed than most of the "long, long thoughts" of youth.

Mr. Carl Neufeld is to publish from the press of Chapman & Hall a narrative of his captivity in the Soudan, in the course of which he takes occasion, it is said, to remonstrate with vehemence against what he regards as libelous statements concerning his later years of residence in the Soudan which have been printed in certain English newspapers.

The Academy notes many indications that the recent publication of so much

Kiplingana has caused a reaction in his disfavor. The Academy also notes the fact that even the London Times has fallen into the prevailing personal tone, and reports Mr. Kipling as wearing "a close-buttoned overcoat." What should a convalescent wear when starting on a voyage, asks the Academy.

Henry Holt & Co. publish a curious book entitled "The Hooligan Nights," which contains the reminiscences of a leader of a notorious London gang of burglars and counterfeiters, as told by him to a London journalist. The book contains interesting criminological information, but such an exploiting of thieves' adventures must always be looked at askance from a moral point of view.

A new and detailed exposition of one of the systems of Indian philosophy is given in a collection of lectures by the Swami Vivekananda, which are gathered together in a volume called "Vedanta Philosophy," published by the Baker & Taylor Company. A large part of the book is occupied with that method of attaining perfection known as Raja Yoga, and there are also translations of a number of aphorisms and an excellent glossary.

The Revised New Testament has figured in a copyright suit in England. The syndics of Oxford and Cambridge brought an action against a firm of educational publishers to restrain them from printing any books containing citations from the Revised Version. The court decided that in using 234 out of 2,578 alternative readings from the Revised Version, although 209 of the former number were readings familiar to students of the Greek New Testament,

the defendant publishers had been guilty of an infringement of copyright.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. make the interesting announcement that they have acquired the publications of Messrs. Copeland & Day, who are retiring from business. There could not be a more appropriate succession to the ownership of the dainty books which have hitherto borne the Copeland & Day imprint. Among them are Professor Richard Burton's essays and verse; the two "Vagabondia" books by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey; Stephen Crane's "Black Riders;" Miss Rayner's novel of Colonial New York, "Free to Serve;" Miss Guiney's "Pat-rins" and "Lovers' Saint-Ruth's;" Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs from the Ghetto;" Father Tabb's "Poems" and "Lyrics;" and the exquisite English Love Sonnet Series.

The cavalry regiment known as the "Rough Riders," who went to Cuba under the command of Colonel—now General—Wood, and Lieutenant-Colonel—now Governor—Roosevelt, held a conspicuous place in the public eye because of the picturesque and dashing character of the troopers who composed it. The expectations felt regarding it were fully justified by the part which it took in the fighting near Santiago. Colonel Roosevelt tells the story of the regiment in a fully illustrated volume, "The Rough Riders" (Charles Scribners' Sons, publishers), written in a characteristically straightforward and forceful style. It is a virile book, which tells of manly deeds; and no one who reads it will feel it any longer a mystery that the unlooked-for emergency of war found thousands of courageous Americans ready to respond to the call.

It appears that even a serious study of the native Irishman does not result

in a serious book. In "Irish Life and Character" (Thomas Whittaker, publisher), Michael MacDonagh looks at his subject from many standpoints; he exhibits the Irishman as squire, lawyer, farmer, car-driver, beggar, fighter and lover, and proves his statements true by a variety of delightfully humorous incidents. The distinction of the volume is not only in the fact that the stories are fresh and genuinely mirth-provoking, but in their being told in a genial fashion that brings out their cleverness to the full. The chapters on Irish politics and law court proceedings are of especial interest, and abound in anecdotes of Curran, O'Connell, and a long line of notable judges. As a sympathetic treatment of Irish habits of thought and action, the book takes high rank, while as a collection of stories it is capital.

Attractive to the eye, rapid and graphic in style, and of a size especially adapted to transportation in the pocket, the "Beacon Series" of American biographies, published by Small, Maynard & Co., should find an immediate welcome among book-lovers. They represent a reaction against the ponderous two-volume biographies, which people form the excellent purpose of reading but never find time for. Within the compass of perhaps twenty thousand words, hardly twice the length of an ordinary review article, each of these volumes gives a succinct but sufficient account of its subject. Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, who edits the series takes Phillips Brooks for his subject; Mr. Edward E. Hale, Jr., writes of James Russell Lowell; Mr. James Barnes of Admiral Farragut; Mr. Norman Hapgood of Daniel Webster; and Mr. W. P. Trent of General Robert E. Lee. Each volume has a photogravure portrait and a bibliography, and is daintily bound in flexible blue cloth, with gilt top.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Appreciations and Addresses. By Lord Rosebery. Edited by Charles Geake. John Lane.
- Arnold, Matthew. By George Saintsbury. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- Asla, Heart of, The. By F. H. Skrine and E. D. Ross. Methuen & Co.
- Authority and Archaeology. By S. R. Driver, D. D., and others. Edited by David G. Hogarth. John Murray.
- Brooks, Phillips. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Builders, Cathedral, The. By Leader Scott. Blackie & Son.
- Egypt, A History of, Under the Ptolemaic Dynasty. By J. P. Mahaffy. Methuen & Co.
- Eton and Etonians, Memories of. By Alfred Lubbock. John Murray.
- Eugenie, Empress of the French. By Clara Tschudi. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
- European Literature, Periods of. The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. Blackwood & Sons.
- Farragut, David G. By James Barnes. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- India, British, A history of. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K. C. S. I. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Jesus Christ, Trial of, The. By A. Taylor Innes. T. & T. Clark.
- John and His Friends. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.50.
- Jowett, Benjamin, Letters of. Edited by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. John Murray.
- Lakes, English, Life and Nature at the. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Maclehose & Sons.
- Lee, Robert E. By William P. Trent. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Lowell, James Russell. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Millionaire's Daughter, A. By Percy White. C. Arthur Pearson.
- Mountaineers, The Early. By Francis Gribble. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Naturalism and Agnosticism. By James Ward, Sc. D. A. & C. Black.
- Open Road, a Little Book for the Wayside, The. Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. Grant Richards.
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- Philosophy, Indian, The Six Systems of. By the Right Hon. F. Max Muller, K. M. Longmans, Green & Co.
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- Science, Christian. By Rev. William Short, M. A. Thomas Whittaker. Price 25c.
- Science of Medicine, and Its Relation to the People, The. By Henry Jameson, B. S. Indiana Medical Journal Publishing Co.
- Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime. By J. J. Jusserand. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Shakespeare. Religion of, The. By Henry Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. Burns & Oates.
- Silence Farm: a Novel. By William Sharp. Grant Richards.
- Strange Story of Hester Wynne, The. By G. Colmore. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Swallow: A Tale of the Great Turk. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Webster, Danfel. By Norman Hapgood. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.

